Nor ſhall he ſmile at thee in ſecret thought,
Nor laugh with his companions at thy ſtate,
But thou ſhalt know thy intreſt was not bought
Baſely with gold, but ſtolne from foorth thy gate.
For me I am the miſtreſſe of my fate,
And with my treſpaſſe neuer will diſpence,
Till life to death acquit my forſt offence.

I will not poyſon thee with my attaint,
Nor fold my fault in cleanly coin'd excuſes,
My ſable ground of ſinne I will not paint,
To hide the truth of this falſe nights abuſes.
My tongue ſhall vtter all, mine eyes like ſluces,
As from a mountaine ſpring that feeds a dale,
Shal guſh pure ſtreams to purge my impure tale.

By this lamenting Philomele had ended
The well-tun'd warble of her nightly ſorrow,
And ſolemne night with ſlow ſad gate deſcended
To ouglie Hell, when loe the bluſhing morrow
Lends light to all faire eyes that light will borrow.
But cloudie LVCRECE ſhames her ſelfe to ſee,
And therefore ſtill in night would cloiſtred be.

Reuealing

Reuealing day through euery crannie ſpi
And ſeems to point her out where ſhe ſits
To whom ſhee ſobbing ſpeakes, ô eye of
VVhy pry'ſt thou throgh my window? lea
Mock with thy tickling beams, eies that a
Brand not my forehead with thy perci
For day hath nought to do what's don

Thus cauils ſhee with euerie thing ſhee ſe
True griefe is fond and teſtie as a childe,
VVho wayward once, his mood with nau
Old woes, not infant ſorrowes beare ther
Continuance tames the one, the other w
Like an vnpractiz'd ſwimmer plungin
VVith too much labour drowns for w

So ſhee deepe drenched in a Sea of care,
Holds diſputation with ech thing ſhee ve
And to her ſelfe all ſorrow doth compare
No obiect but her paſſions ſtrength rene
And as one ſhiftes another ſtraight inſew
Somtime her griefe is dumbe and hat
Sometime tis mad and too much talk